

# THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

VOL. XV., NO. 4400

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1899

PRICE 2 CENTS

At All News Dealers.

COMMENCING SATURDAY, JAN. 7

You Can Secure A Copy Of The

HERALD'S

BEAUTIFUL SOUVENIR EDITION

—AT—

8 CENTS PER COPY  
while They Last.

This Sale is to Move the Last Special  
Edition Printed, 275 Views.

IF YOU ONCE WEAR

THE AURORA KID BUTTON SHOE

You Will Wear No Other,

—Price, \$3.00, —  
EQUAL TO ANY \$3.50 OR \$4.00 SHOE

GREEN & GOULD Sole Agents.

6 & 8 Congress Street.

It is worth seeing our miniature and complete working  
shoe factory. The finest machinery built.

We do all kinds of repairing at short notice.

Ladies Fur Capes  
Repaired and Changed Over In The  
Best Manner

And Also Made Stronger Than Ever At

JOHN S. TILTON'S,  
18 Congress Street.

ALL WHO ARE

In a position to know acknowledge the excellence of our work, and our prices are right.

LAWRENCE,  
FINE TAILORING,  
9 CONGRESS ST

PORTSMOUTH PEOPLE HAVE LEARNED THE FACT THAT

THE WINCHESTER

Is America's Greatest Heater For Water And Steam  
The Most Prominent People Get Them.

Plumbing, Piping, Tin-Roofing, In Fact All In The Plumbing Line Done By

J. M. SMITH, High St.

MOORCROFT'S

LADIES AND CHILDREN'S POPULAR SHOE STORE.

— ALSO —

The Latest Millinery Styles.

12 MARKET SQUARE.

## FIFTH ANNIVERSARY CONSTITUTION LODGE.

Wentworth Hall a Scene of  
Youth and Beauty.

Delightful Entertainment Followed by a  
Dance and Supper—Officers in Charge.

Last night in Wentworth hall occurred  
the fifth anniversary of Constitution  
lodge, No. 88, K. of P. and a most enjoy-  
able time was passed.

At an early hour the crowd began to  
gather, and every car brought a goodly  
number to share in the festivities of the  
evening, and at 8 o'clock the hall was  
taxed to its utmost capacity, and there  
was scarcely standing room. Mr. Edson of  
Cannery's music store of Portsmouth  
furnished the entertainment with the  
graphophone, and was loudly applauded.  
Mr. Edson has an excellent collection  
of records and a first class machine.

Constitution lodge has a reputation  
as being first class entertainers and last  
evening was no exception. Every detail  
had been carefully arranged, and the  
large crowd was handled in perfect  
shape. Previous to the entertainment  
Joy and Philbrick's orchestra furnished  
excellent music for the dancing.

Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Shapleigh and  
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hussey were among  
the invited guests.

Dr. H. I. Durgin of Eliz., a prominent  
member of the lodge was present with  
Mrs. Durgin.

The next of importance on the pro-  
gramme was the High school reunion next  
Tuesday night in Wentworth hall.

Mrs. Emily Morse is confined to her  
home by illness.

A party from here will attend the Bel-  
lalmy in Portsmouth next Wednesday  
night.

Richard McCate went to his home in  
Dover yesterday.

Business is rather quiet in police cir-  
cles in this town just at present.

The residents of Pine hill are com-  
plaining about the condition of the roads  
up that way.

The many friends of Mrs. John C.  
Neal will be pained to learn that she is  
rapidly sinking.

Rev. and Mrs. D. F. Faulkner are im-  
proving rapidly from their recent severe  
illness.

The grip is now on the decreate, so  
say the physicians.

A number from here attended the ex-  
hibition of the manly art in Portsmouth  
last night.

William Foster of Concord is the guest  
of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Shaw, Dame  
street.

PRIZES.

The School Children of the State Re-  
ceives Offers.

The New Hampsire Audubon society

desiring to stimulate habits of observa-  
tion, and to arouse and foster sentiments

of kindness and sympathy for dumb  
animals, especially for the birds, among

the youth of our state, offers prizes for

compositions about birds to the child-  
ren of New Hampshire on the following

conditions:

For the best composition written by  
boy or girl between the ages of 12 and  
17 years, \$10.00; for the second best  
\$5.00.

These compositions must be the re-  
sult of the writer's own observations of

the nature, habits, characteristics, and

uses of birds, not copied from books,

and may relate to one individual bird,

or birds in general, as may be prefer-  
red.

Accuracy of description and minute-  
ness of observation of the nature and

habits of birds will have much weight

in the award of prizes, but carefulness

of composition will also be considered.

Any child living in New Hampshire,

within the ages specified, may compete

for the prizes.

Compositions should be sent before

November 1, 1899, to the secretary of

the New Hampshire Audubon society,

(Mrs. F. W. Batchelder,) Manchester,

N. H., by whom they will be transferred

to the committee of award to be ap-

pointed by the officers of the society.

Competitors may sign fictitious

names to their compositions, but

should also send their real names and

addresses to the secretary, who will not

reveal them until the awards are made.

broke up at a late hour all declaring  
Constitution lodge royal entertainers.

### Notes

Among the prominent Knights present  
were, Hon. Horace Mitchell, Calvin L.  
Hayes, Esq., Mark Paul, Geo. Marden, F.  
W. Cross, Lyman Holmes, G. B. Gibson,  
Chester Cutts, B. F. Bunker, H. B. Shaw,  
W. T. Burrows, Edgar Burnham, Jacob  
Drinkwater, Frank Kuse, Bertram  
Moore, Daniel Seaward, R. E. Smith and  
many others.

Walter Wentworth officiated as ticket-  
taker, and was highly complimented.

The grand march was one of the  
prettiest ever seen in the hall.

The sixth will be looked forward to  
with great interest.

Great credit is due the committee in  
charge for the able manner in which the  
affair was managed.

Some brilliant costumes were worn by  
the ladies.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Will Rogers of Port-  
smouth were among the out of town  
guests.

Seldom is a handsomer party seen in  
Wentworth hall.

Joy and Philbrick's orchestra furnished  
excellent music for the dancing.

Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Shapleigh and  
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hussey were among  
the invited guests.

Dr. H. I. Durgin of Eliz., a prominent  
member of the lodge was present with  
Mrs. Durgin.

The next of importance on the pro-  
gramme is the High school reunion next  
Tuesday night in Wentworth hall.

Mrs. Emily Morse is confined to her  
home by illness.

A party from here will attend the Bel-  
lalmy in Portsmouth next Wednesday  
night.

Richard McCate went to his home in  
Dover yesterday.

Business is rather quiet in police cir-  
cles in this town just at present.

The residents of Pine hill are com-  
plaining about the condition of the roads  
up that way.

The many friends of Mrs. John C.  
Neal will be pained to learn that she is  
rapidly sinking.

Rev. and Mrs. D. F. Faulkner are im-  
proving rapidly from their recent severe  
illness.

The grip is now on the decreate, so  
say the physicians.

A number from here attended the ex-  
hibition of the manly art in Portsmouth  
last night.

William Foster of Concord is the guest  
of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Shaw, Dame  
street.

PRIZES.

The School Children of the State Re-  
ceives Offers.

The New Hampsire Audubon society

desiring to stimulate habits of observa-  
tion, and to arouse and foster sentiments

of kindness and sympathy for dumb  
animals, especially for the birds, among

the youth of our state, offers prizes for

compositions about birds to the child-  
ren of New Hampshire on the following

conditions:

For the best composition written by

boy or girl between the ages of 12 and

17 years, \$10.00; for the second best  
\$5.00.

These compositions must be the re-  
sult of the writer's own observations of

the nature, habits, characteristics, and

uses of birds, not copied from books,

and may relate to one individual bird,

or birds in general, as may be prefer-  
red.

Accuracy of description and minute-  
ness of observation of the nature and

habits of birds will have much weight

in the award of prizes, but carefulness

of composition will also be considered.

Any child living in New Hampshire,

within the ages specified, may compete

for the prizes.

Compositions should be sent before

November 1, 1899, to the secretary of

the New Hampshire Audubon society,

(Mrs. F. W. Batchelder,) Manchester,

N. H., by whom they will be transferred

to the committee of award to be ap-

pointed by the officers of the society.

Competitors may sign fictitious

names to their compositions, but

should also send their real names and

addresses to the secretary, who will not

reveal them until the awards are made.

DIED.

Hurwiss. In York, Me., Feb. 16th, Mrs. John

Hutchins, aged 81 years.

Jessine. In Kittery, Me., Feb. 17th, Leonard

Jessine, aged 75 years.

Itchiness of the skin is horrible pla-

gue. Most everybody is afflicted in one

way or another. Only one case never full

recovery. Dose's Ointment. At any drug

store 25 cents.

## ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

## TEA TABLE TALK.

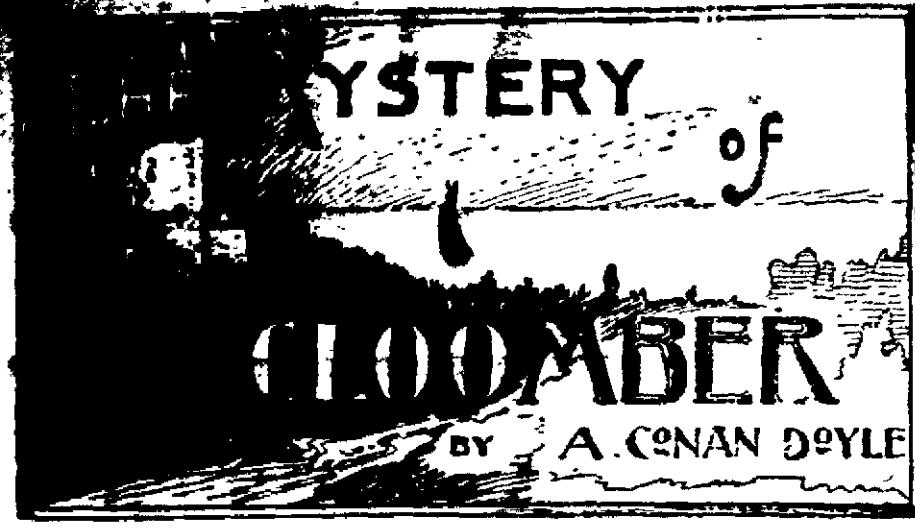
Enjoy your humble porridge.

Enjoy your eaten cake.

Let not your heart hold ire.

Because the rich folk take

Champagne, with mullets rare,



### CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH I SEE THAT WHICH HAS BEEN SEEN BY FEW.

At dinner that evening I mentioned to my father the episode of the three Buddhist priests, and, found, as I had expected, that he was very much interested by account of them. When, however, he heard of the high manner in which Ram Singh had spoken of him, and the distinguished position which he had assigned him among philologists, he became so excited that it was all we could do to prevent him from setting off then and there to make his acquaintance. Esther and I were relieved and glad when we at last succeeded in abstracting his boots and maneuvering him to his bedroom, for the exciting events of the last twenty-four hours had been too much for his weak frame and delicate nerves.

I was sitting at the open porch in the gloaming, turning over in my mind the unexpected events which had occurred so rapidly—the gale, the wreck, the rescue, and the strange character of the castaways—when my sister came quietly over to me and put her hand in mine.

"Don't you think, Jack," she said in her low, sweet voice, "that we are forgetting our friends over at Cloo-Abber? Hasn't all this excitement driven their fears and their danger out of our heads?"

"Out of our heads, but never out of our hearts," said I laughing. "However, you are right, little one, for our attention has certainly been distracted from them. I shall walk up in the morning and see if I can see anything of them. By the way, to-morrow is the fatal 5th of October—one more day and all will be well with us."

"Or ill," said my sister, gloomily.

"Why, what a little croaker you are to be sure!" I cried. "What in the world is coming over you?"

"I feel nervous and low-spirited," she answered, drawing closer to my side and shivering. "I feel as if some great peril were hanging over the heads of those we love. Why should these strange men wish to stay upon the coast?"

"What, the Buddhists?" I said lightly. "Oh, these fellows have continued feal days and religious rites of all sorts. They have some very good reason for staying, you may be sure."

"Don't you think," said Esther, in an awe-struck whisper, "that it is very strange that these priests should arrive here all the way from India just at the present moment? Have you not gathered from all you have heard that the general's fears are in some way connected with India and the Indians?"

The remark made me thoughtful. "Why, now that you mention it," I answered, "I have some vague impression that the mystery is connected with some incident which occurred in that country. I am sure, however, that your fears would vanish if you saw Ram Singh. He is the very personification of wisdom and benevolence. He was shocked at the idea of our killing a sheep, or even a fish for his benefit—said he would rather die than have a hand in taking the life of an animal."

"It is very foolish of me to be nervous," said my sister, bravely. "But you must promise me one thing, Jack. You will go up to Cloo-Abber in the morning and if you can see any of them you must tell them of these strange neighbors of ours. They are better able to judge than we are whether their presence has any significance or not."

"All right, little one," I answered, as we went indoors. "You have been over-excited by all these wild doings, and you need a sound night's rest to compose you. I'll do what you suggest, however, and our friends shall judge for themselves whether these poor devils should be sent about their business or not."

I made the promise to allay my sister's apprehensions, but in the bright sunlight of the morning it appeared little less than absurd to imagine that our poor vegetarian castaways could have any sinister intentions, or that their advent could have any effect upon the tenants of Cloo-Abber. I was anxious myself, however, to see whether I could see anything of the Heatherstones, so after breakfast I walked up to the Hall, in their seclusion it was impossible for them to have learned anything of the recent events. I felt, therefore, that even if I should meet the general he could hardly regard me as an intruder while I had so much news to communicate.

The place had the same dreary and melancholy appearance which always characterized it. Looking through the thick iron bars on the main gateway there was nothing to be seen of any of the occupants. One of the great Scotch fir had been blown down in the gale, and its long ruddy trunk lay right across the grass-grown avenue; but no attempt had been made to remove it. Everything about the property had the same air of desolation and neglect, with the solitary exception of a massive and impenetrable fence, which presented an unbroken and formidable obstacle as ever to the

the perspiration from his brow. "It's like my luck!" he said. "After all these years, to come just when I have got snug billet."

"Never mind, my lad," the general said, rising, and squaring his shoulders like a man who braces himself for effort. "Be it what it may, we'll face it as British soldiers should. I've remember at Chilliawallah, when you had to run from your guns to our square, and the Sikh horse came thundering down on our bayonets? We didn't flinch then, and we won't flinch now. It seems to me that I feel better than I have done for years. It was the uncertainty that was killing me."

"And the infernal jingle-jangle," said the corporal. "Well, we'll all go together—that's some consolation."

"Good-bye, West," said the general. "Be a good husband to Gabriel, and give my poor wife a home. I don't think she will trouble you long. Good-bye! God bless you!"

"Look here, general," I said, peremptorily breaking off a piece of wood to make communication more easy. "This sort of thing has been going on too long. What are these hints and allusions and innuendos? It is time we had a little plain speaking. What is it you fear? Out with it! Are you in dread of these Hindoos? If you are I am able, on my father's authority, to have them arrested as rogues and vagabonds."

"No, no, that would never do," he answered, shaking his head. "You will learn about the wretched business soon enough. Mordant knows where to lay his hand upon the papers bearing on the matter. You can consult him about it to-morrow."

"But surely," I cried, "if the peril is so imminent something may be done to avert it. If you would tell me what you fear I should know how to act."

"My dear friend," he said, "there is nothing to be done, so calm yourself and let things take their course. It has been folly on my part to shelter myself behind mere barriers of wood and stone. The fact is, that inaction was terrible to me, and I felt that to do anything, however futile, in the nature of a precaution, was better than passive resignation. My humble friend here and I have placed ourselves in a position in which, I trust, no poor fellow will ever find himself again. We can only recommend ourselves to the unfailing goodness of the Almighty, and trust that what we have endured in this world may lessen our atonement in the world to come. I must leave you now, for I have many papers to destroy and much to arrange. Good-bye." He pushed his hand through the whole which I had made and grasped mine in a solemn farewell, after which he walked back to the Hall with a firm and decided step, still followed by the crippled corporal.

I walked back to Branksome much disturbed by this interview, and extremely puzzled as to what course I should pursue. It was evident now that my sister's suspicions were correct, and that there was some very intimate connection between the presence of the three Orientals and the mysterious peril which hung over the towers of Cloo-Abber. It was difficult for me to associate the noble-faced Ram Singh's gentle, refined manner and words of wisdom with any deed of violence; yet now that I thought of it I could see that a terrible capacity for wrath lay behind his shaggy brows and dark, piercing eyes. I felt that of all men whom I had ever met he was the one whose displeasure I should least care to face. But how could two men so widely dissociated as the foul-mouthed old corporal of artillery and the distinguished Anglo-Indian general have each earned the ill-will of these strange castaways? And if the danger was a positive physical one, why should he not consent to my proposal to have the three men placed under my custody? though I confess it would take much acs to my grain to sit in so inhospitable a manner upon such vague and shadowy grounds. These questions were absolutely unanswerable; and yet the solemn words and the terrible gravity which I had seen in the faces of both the old soldiers forbade me from thinking that their fears were entirely unfounded. It was all a puzzle—an absolutely insoluble puzzle. One thing at least was clear to me—and that was that in the present state of my knowledge, and after the general's distinct prohibition, it was impossible for me to interfere in any way. I could only wait and pray that whatever the danger might be, it might pass over, or at least that my old Gabriel and his brother might be protected against it.

I was walking down the lane lost in thought and had got as far as the wicket gate which opens upon the tanks meadow, when I was surprised to hear my father's voice raised in an animated and excited converse. The old man had been of late so absorbed from the daily affairs of the world and so absorbed in his own speculations, that it was difficult to engage his attention upon any ordinary mundane topic. Curious to know what it was that had drawn him so far out of himself, I opened the gate softly, and walking quietly round the laurel bushes, found him sitting, to my astonishment, with none other than the very man who was occupying my thoughts, Ram Singh, the Buddhist priest. The two were sitting upon a garden bench, and the Orientals appeared to be in a state of perfect repose—the only gait which did not detract from the dignity and grace of the wearer. The piece to which he led me was a small fisher cottage which had been deserted some years before by its tenant, but still stood ramshackle and bare, with the thatch partly blown away and the windows and door in sad disrepair. The dwelling, which the poorest Scotch beggar could have shirked from, was the place which these strange men had

consciously of my presence. On observing me the priest sprang to his feet and greeted me with the same lofty courtesy and dignified grace which had so impressed me the day before.

"I promised myself yesterday," he said, "the pleasure of calling upon your father. You see I have kept my word. I have even been daring enough to question his views upon some points in connection with the Sanscrit and Hindoo tongues, with the result that we have been arguing for an hour or more without either of us convincing the other. Without pretending to attain a theoretical knowledge as that which has made the name of John Hunter West a household word among Oriental scholars, I happen to have given considerable attention to this one point, and indeed I am in a position to say that I know his views to be sound. I assure you, sir, that up to the year 700, or even later, Sanscrit was the ordinary language of the great bulk of the inhabitants of India."

"And I assure you, sir," said my father warmly, "that it was dead and forgotten at that date, save by the learned, who used it as a vehicle for scientific and religious works—just as Latin was used in the middle ages long after it had ceased to be spoken by any European nation."

"If you will consult the puranas you will find," said Ram Singh, "that this theory, though commonly received, is entirely untenable."

"And if you will consult the Ramayana, and more particularly the canonical books on Buddhist discipline," cried my father, "you will find that the theory is unassailable."

"But look at the Kullavagga," said our visitor, earnestly.

"And look at King Asoka," shouted my father, triumphantly. "When, in the year 300 before the Christian era—before, mind you—he ordered the laws of Buddha to be engraved upon the rocks, what language did he employ, eh? Was it Sanscrit?—no! And why was it not Sanscrit? Because the lower orders of his subjects would not have been able to understand a word of it. Ha! ha! That was the reason. How are you going to get around King Asoka's edicts, eh?"

"He carved them in the various dialects," Ram Singh answered. "But energy is too precious a thing to be wasted in mere wind in this style. The sun has passed its meridian, and I must return to my companions."

"I am sorry that you have not brought them to see us," said my father, courteously. "He was, I could see easily lost in the eagerness of debate he had overstepped the bounds of hospitality."

"They do not mix with the world," Ram Singh answered, rising to his feet. "They are of a higher grade than I, and more sensitive to contaminating influences. They are immersed in a six months' meditation upon the mystery of the third incarnation, which has lasted from the time that we left the Himalayas. I shall not see you again, Mr. Hunter West, and I therefore bid you farewell. Your old age will be a happy one, as it deserves to be, and your Eastern studies will have a lasting effect upon the knowledge and literature of your own country. Farewell!"

"And am I also to see no more of you?" I asked.

"Unless you will walk with me along the seashore," he answered. "But you have already been out this morning and may be tired. I ask too much of you."

"Nay, I should be delighted to come," I responded from my heart, and, grasping the hand which Ram Singh had held out to me as a sign that our interview was at an end. "I shall often think of our short acquaintance."

"You will derive much benefit from it," he said slowly, still holding my hand and looking gravely and sadly into my eyes. "You must remember that what will happen in the future is not necessarily bad because it does not fall in with your preconceived ideas of right. Be not hasty in your judgments. There are certain great rules which must be carried out, at whatever cost to individuals. Their operation may appear to you to be harsh and cruel, but that is as nothing compared to the dangerous precedent which would be established by not enforcing them. The ox and the sheep are safe from us, but the man with the blood of the highest upon his hands should not and shall not live."

He threw up his arms at the last words with a fierce, threatening gesture, and turning away from me strode back to the ruined hut. I stood gazing after him until he disappeared through the doorway, and then started off for home, revolving in my mind all that I had heard, and more particularly this last outburst of the occult philosopher. Far on the right I could see the tall white tower of Cloo-Abber standing but clear-cut and sharp against a dark cloud bank which rose behind it. I thought how any traveler who chanced to pass that way would envy in his heart the tenant of that magnificent building, and how little they would guess the tragic terrors, the nameless dangers, which were gathering about his head. The black cloud-wrack was but the image, I reflected, of the darker, more intense, storm which was about to burst.

"Whatever it all means, and however it happens," I ejaculated, "God grant that the *arrangement* be not confounded with the *right*!"

My father, when I reached home, was still in the turmoil over his learned disputation with the stranger. "I trust, Jack," he said, "that I did not handle him too roughly. I should remember that I am in less magisterial, and be less prone to argue with my guests. Yet, when he took up this most untenable position, I could not refrain from attacking him and hurling him out of

it, which indeed I did, though you, who are ignorant of the niceties of the game, may have failed to perceive it. You observed, however, that my reference to King Asoka's edicts was conclusive that he at once rose and took his leave."

"You held your own bravely," I answered; "but what is your impression of the man now that you have seen him?"

"Why," said my father, "he is one of those holy men who under the various names of Sannasis, Yosis, Sevens, Quandlers, Hakims, and Cufis have devoted their lives to the study of the mysteries of the Buddhist faith. He is, I take it, a theosophist, or worshiper of the God of Knowledge, the highest grade of which is the adept. This man and his companions have not attained this high position or they could not have crossed the sea without contamination. It is probable that they are all advanced chelas who hope in time to attain to the supreme honor of adeptship."

"But, father," interrupted my sister, "this does not explain why men of such sanctity and attainments should choose to take up their quarters on the shores of a desolate Scotch bay."

"Ah, there you get beyond me," my father answered. "I may suggest, however, that it is nobody's business but their own, as long as they keep the peace and are amenable to the law of the land."

"Have you ever heard," I asked, "that these higher priests of whom you speak have powers which are unknown to us?"

"Why, Eastern literature is full of it. The Bible is an Eastern book, and is it not full of the record of such powers from cover to cover? It is unquestionable that they have in the past known many of Nature's secrets which are lost to us. I cannot say, however, that the modern theosophists really possess the powers that they claim."

"Are they a vindictive class of people?" I asked. "Is there any offense among them which can only be expiated by death?"

"Not that I know of," my father answered, raising his white eyebrows in surprise. "You appear to be in an inquisitive humor this afternoon—what is the object of all these questions? Have our Eastern neighbors aroused your curiosity or suspicion in any way?"

I parried the question as best I might, for I was unwilling to let the old man know what was in my mind. No good purpose could come from his enlightenment; his age and his health demanded rest rather than anxiety; and indeed with the best will in the world I should have found it difficult to explain to another what was so very obscure to myself. For every reason I felt that it was best that he should be kept in the dark.

Never in all my experience have I known a day pass so slowly as did that eventful 5th of October. In every possible manner I endeavored to while away the tedious hours, and yet it seemed as if darkness would never arrive. I tried to read, I tried to write. I paced about the lawn, I walked to the end of the lane, I put new flies on my fishing-hooks, I began to index my father's library—in a dozen ways I endeavored to relieve the suspense which was becoming intolerable. My sister, I could see, was suffering from the same feverish restlessness. Again and again our good father remained with us in his mild way for our erratic behavior and the continual interruption of his work which arose from it. At last, however, the tea was brought, and the tea was taken the curtains were drawn, the lamps lit and after another interminable interval the prayers were read and the servants dismissed to their rooms. My father compounded and swallowed his nighty jorum of toddy, and then shuffled off to his room, leaving the two of us in the parlor; with our nerves in a tingle and our minds full of the most vague and yet terrible apprehensions.

**CHAPTER XIV.**  
OF THE VISITOR WHO RAN DOWN THE ROAD IN THE NIGHT-TIME.

It was a quarter past ten o'clock by the parlor time-piece when my father went off to his room, and left Esther and myself together. We heard his slow steps dying away up thereaking staircase, until the distant slamming of a door announced that he had reached his sanctum. The simple oil lamp upon the table threw a weird, uncertain light over the old room, flickering upon the carved oak paneling, and casting strange, fantastic shadows from the high-backed, straight-backed furniture. My sister's white, anxious face stood out in the obscurity with a startling exactness of profile like one of Rembrandt's portraits. We sat opposite to each other on either side of the table, with no sound breaking the silence save the measured ticking of the clock and the intermittent chirping of a cricket beneath the gate. There was something awe-inspiring in the absolute stillness. The whistling of a belated peasant upon the highroad was a relief to us, and we strained our ears to catch the last of his notes as he plodded steadily homeward.

At first we had made some pretense of knitting and of reading; but we soon abandoned the useless deep reading, and sat uneasily waiting, staring and glancing at each other with questioning eyes whenever the faggot crackled in the fire or a rat scampered behind the wainscot. There was a heavy electrical feeling in the air which weighed us down with a foreboding of disaster. I rose and ran the hall door open to admit the fresh breeze of the night. Ragged clouds swept across the sky, and the moon

## PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD TOURS

Conducted  
Under escort of Tourist Agent or Chaplain

Visiting Gettysburg, Luray, Virginia, Hot Springs, Natural Bridge, Richmond, and Washington.

Leave Boston October 16. Special Train of Parlor Cars from New York.

RATE: Boston, \$75.00; New York, \$65.00.

Gettysburg, Luray and Washington. Eight-Day Tour, Oct. 31. Going via Fall River Line, returning via rail.

RATE, \$36.00.

## WASHINGTON.

December 26, 1898, January 23, Feb. 6 and March 13 and 27, April 3, 10 and 24, 1899 Seven Days.

RATE, \$23.00.

Itineraries of D. N. BELL, Tour Agent, 205 Washington Street, Boston.

J. R. WOOD, GEO. W. BOYD—Gen. Pass. Agt. Am't. Gen. Pass. Ag.

## DRINK ONLY THE FOREST WHISKEY.

WRIGHT & TAYLOR, Louisville, Ky. DISTILLERS.

FINE OLD KENTUCKY Taylor Whiskey.

If you want purity and richness of flavor, try our OLD KENTUCKY TAYLOR, 5 years old and our own distillation and guaranteed pure. Bottled and shipped direct from our warehouses by us. None genuine without our signature on both labels. For consumption, indulgence, and all ailments requiring stimulants OLD KENTUCKY TAYLOR has no superior. Sold by all first-class druggists, grocers, and liquor dealers.

Sold by Globe Grocery Co., Perkins, N. H.

## Stoddard's Stable

HAS BEEN FITTED OUT WITH NEW CARRIAGES.

You can get the handsomest and most comfortable turn-out in the state at

## STODDARD'S.

# PRESIDENT HAD BUSY DAY.

Makes Three Short Addresses In City of Boston.

GRAND ARMY BOYS FIRST HONORED

Then the Legislature Is Visited—Later Commercial Club Act as the Most Breakfast Fellows Reception at Algonquin Clubhouse—Presidential Party Leaves for Washington Later in the Afternoon—Full Text of Speeches, Etc.

BOSTON, Feb. 17.—President McKinley began what promised to be a busy day at 10:30 o'clock this forenoon. That was the hour appointed previously for him to start from the Hotel Tournai, which has been his headquarters since he reached this city yesterday, on his way to Tremont temple, where he was to meet the Massachusetts department of the Grand Army, for the moments before visiting the legislature and engaging in the other events of the day.

The president, who was much fatigued after the occurrences of yesterday, which included the delivery of a memorable address at the banquet of the Home Market club last evening, was much refreshed by a good night's rest. He and the members of his party breakfasted soon after 8 o'clock, and at once began operations for what was before them.

As outlined the arrangements for the day included a visit to the Grand Army at 10:30 a.m., the appearance before the legislature at 11:30, and a reception by



ROGER WOLCOTT.

the Commercial club at the Algonquin clubhouse at 12:30, followed by breakfast at 1 o'clock. The train bearing the president and his party back to Washington was scheduled to leave Boston at 6 o'clock this afternoon.

The only callers received by the President this morning, previous to his departure for the Grand Army encampment, were Colonel and Mrs. Charles A. Stott of Lowell.

The distinguished visitors from Washington started from the Hotel Tournai for Tremont temple, in which the Grand Army encampment is being held, at 10:30, under escort of the First Battalion of cavalry, Major William A. Perrins, commanding. The distance from the hotel is not great, and was soon covered by the procession. On their arrival at Tremont Temple, the president and his associates were admitted to the hall and escorted to the platform.

President McKinley addressed the encampment, speaking in a low tone of voice, and with much feeling, he said:

Mr. Commander, Comrades of the Grand Army—I count myself most fortunate to find, upon my visit to the city of Boston, my comrades of the Grand Army in session in the same city, thus giving me an opportunity once again to look into your friendly faces and exchange fraternal greetings of comradeship with each and every one of you.

You fought in a holy cause, which, under the providence of God, triumphed. You fought in a cause that made this the freest and best and the greatest government beneath the sun. As I heard your cheers this morning, I felt that you still had the old spirit of '61. You not only, my comrades, were good soldiers, maintaining in the battle's front the honor and integrity of the flag we loved so much, but since the war, and in your relation as citizens to the government, you have ever been loyal and faithful, preserving in peace the government which you secured in war. The sad feature about all these reunions is that our numbers are diminishing.

Every annual rollcall discloses one or another of our comrades not present, but accounted for. They have gone to join their comrades on the other side, now in the majority, sleeping beneath that low green tent whose curtain never turns. It has occurred to me, as it has to every old soldier of the war, that the conspicuous commanders, those who gave orders we loved to obey, have all gone from among us—Grant and Sherman, and Sheridan, and Logan, and Hancock, and a long line beside that are treasured in the memories of the soldiers of the republic.

I am glad to meet you here this morning. I am glad to have an opportunity of living, as you have had the opportunity of living, in this last year, when the American people have again manifested their patriotism, their love of country, their devotion to American honor. May I suggest to you here this morning that you will have to increase the Grand Army of the Republic? I do not know how you will do it, but I want to see all the brave men of the Spanish war, north and south, in some great patriotic organization, and I know none better than the Grand Army of the Republic.

I thank you, and bid you all good morning.

President McKinley's suggestion that the Spanish war veterans be admitted to membership in the Grand Army was received with cries of "Good! Good!" and applause.

After the applause had subsided, which

followed the completion of President McKinley's speech, there were loud cries of "Alger!" "Alger!" "You're all right!" Uprising, the secretary of war was received with tumultuous applause. He said:

These boys are all rather familiar to me. I used to box these boys around myself. All are growing a little old but me. But, boys, I am glad to see you here. One of the proudest memories of my life, one of the proudest memories of your lives, was the gathering here in 1860, when the Grand Army was at high-water mark. Such a demonstration of patriotism and love of country had never been seen before, and never will again. The material beginning to get a little old. We have got a new crop as the president has said; but they are not the old fellows. During the past year thousands and tens of thousands of the old fellows wrote and telegraphed to the secretary of war that they wanted to serve their country again. Boys, you have done your share, and this country would not have had any expansion or any power but for your valiant services. Whenever God draws any race of men to himself, when their struggle here is ended, it will be the Grand Army of the Republic. Boys, come and see me.

In response to the cries of "Long Live!" the secretary of the navy said:

Members of the Grand Army—There is one eloquence that is above that of the highest standards of classical or modern literature. It is the silent eloquence of the presence of the men who fought the great fight for the Union, and put our country on the broad ground which it now stands for, carrying forward the civilization of the world. A civilian, I can best show my appreciation of your services by silence. It cannot be expressed in words. William McKinley undoubtedly cherishes his present great office as the highest honor that can come to any American citizen, but, as he said before, the one thing which he cherishes most in his heart, is the thought that he was once a soldier in his youth, as you were, of the Grand Army.

After the brief stay at Tremont Temple, the party re-entered their carriages and proceeded at once to the State House for their visit to the legislature.

The members of the legislature gathered with unusual promptness at the State House this forenoon, in anticipation of the visit of President McKinley, who was expected at the State House at 11:30. An hour before that time the corridors were thronged, not only with members of the legislature, but with a large number of guests, including many women.

As soon as the house bell tolled, we opened the crowd pushed in, and in five minutes every seat was taken. The entire floor of the house was reserved for members of the two branches of the general court, the executive department and the distinguished guests. There was little attempt at floral display, a large bunch of roses on the speaker's desk being almost the only decoration.

The speaker's gallery, which had been reserved for the immediate family and friends of the governor and the president of the senate and speaker of the house, was filled by 10:30 o'clock, and those who occupied it were there in time to witness the opening of the house.

Both branches of the legislature opened their sessions at 10:30, and immediately adopted the necessary orders for a joint convention. At 10:45, after the usual messages had been exchanged, the Senate appeared at the door of the house, and, passing down the aisle, took seats in the front row.

The president and his party arrived promptly at the time scheduled. The carriages drew up in front of the main entrance just before 11:30 o'clock, President McKinley and President Plunkett of the Home Market club, and Adjutant General Dalton of the governor's staff, who rode with the president, waited until all the members of the party had alighted, and they proceeded to line up the granite steps and through the Durie hall to the executive department where they were received by Governor Wolcott.

A brief exchange of greetings occurred, when a committee from the general court was announced, and the president was formally notified that the legislature was assembled in joint convention, and would be gratified if the president would appear. The president expressed thanks, and the committee retired.

A few moments later the president, leaning on the arm of Governor Wolcott, and followed by the members of his cabinet, the members of the executive council and of the governor's staff, proceeded to the platform.

President McKinley addressed the encampment, speaking in a low tone of voice, and with much feeling, he said:

Mr. Commander, Comrades of the Grand Army—I count myself most fortunate to find, upon my visit to the city of Boston, my comrades of the Grand Army in session in the same city, thus giving me an opportunity once again to look into your friendly faces and exchange fraternal greetings of comradeship with each and every one of you.

You fought in a holy cause, which, under the providence of God, triumphed. You fought in a cause that made this the freest and best and the greatest government beneath the sun. As I heard your cheers this morning, I felt that you still had the old spirit of '61. You not only, my comrades, were good soldiers, maintaining in the battle's front the honor and integrity of the flag we loved so much, but since the war, and in your relation as citizens to the government, you have ever been loyal and faithful, preserving in peace the government which you secured in war. The sad feature about all these reunions is that our numbers are diminishing.

Every annual rollcall discloses one or another of our comrades not present, but accounted for. They have gone to join their comrades on the other side, now in the majority, sleeping beneath that low green tent whose curtain never turns. It has occurred to me, as it has to every old soldier of the war, that the conspicuous commanders, those who gave orders we loved to obey, have all gone from among us—Grant and Sherman, and Sheridan, and Logan, and Hancock, and a long line beside that are treasured in the memories of the soldiers of the republic.

I am glad to meet you here this morning. I am glad to have an opportunity of living, as you have had the opportunity of living, in this last year, when the American people have again manifested their patriotism, their love of country, their devotion to American honor. May I suggest to you here this morning that you will have to increase the Grand Army of the Republic? I do not know how you will do it, but I want to see all the brave men of the Spanish war, north and south, in some great patriotic organization, and I know none better than the Grand Army of the Republic.

I thank you, and bid you all good morning.

President McKinley's suggestion that the Spanish war veterans be admitted to membership in the Grand Army was received with cries of "Good! Good!" and applause.

After the applause had subsided, which

followed the completion of President McKinley's speech, there were loud cries of "Alger!" "Alger!" "You're all right!" Uprising, the secretary of war was received with tumultuous applause. He said:

These boys are all rather familiar to me. I used to box these boys around myself. All are growing a little old but me. But, boys, I am glad to see you here. One of the proudest memories of my life, one of the proudest memories of your lives, was the gathering here in 1860, when the Grand Army was at high-water mark. Such a demonstration of patriotism and love of country had never been seen before, and never will again. The material beginning to get a little old. We have got a new crop as the president has said; but they are not the old fellows. During the past year thousands and tens of thousands of the old fellows wrote and telegraphed to the secretary of war that they wanted to serve their country again. Boys, you have done your share, and this country would not have had any expansion or any power but for your valiant services. Whenever God draws any race of men to himself, when their struggle here is ended, it will be the Grand Army of the Republic. Boys, come and see me.

In response to the cries of "Long

Long!" the secretary of the navy said:

Members of the Grand Army—There is one eloquence that is above that of the highest standards of classical or modern literature. It is the silent eloquence of the presence of the men who fought the great fight for the Union, and put our country on the broad ground which it now stands for, carrying forward the civilization of the world. A civilian, I can best show my appreciation of your services by silence. It cannot be expressed in words. William McKinley undoubtedly cherishes his present great office as the highest honor that can come to any American citizen, but, as he said before, the one thing which he cherishes most in his heart, is the thought that he was once a soldier in his youth, as you were, of the Grand Army.

After the brief stay at Tremont Temple, the party re-entered their carriages and proceeded at once to the State House for their visit to the legislature.

The members of the legislature gathered with unusual promptness at the State House this forenoon, in anticipation of the visit of President McKinley, who was expected at the State House at 11:30. An hour before that time the corridors were thronged, not only with members of the legislature, but with a large number of guests, including many women.

We may regard the situation before us as a burden or as an opportunity, but whether the one or the other, it is here, and conscience and civilization require that what these great men of the past secured for us they would have us transmit not only to our descendants, but carry to oppressed peoples whose interests and welfare by the fortunes of war are committed to us.

We may regard the situation before us as a burden or as an opportunity, but whether the one or the other, it is here, and conscience and civilization require that what these great men of the past secured for us they would have us transmit not only to our descendants, but carry to oppressed peoples whose interests and welfare by the fortunes of war are committed to us.

We may regard the situation before us as a burden or as an opportunity, but whether the one or the other, it is here, and conscience and civilization require that what these great men of the past secured for us they would have us transmit not only to our descendants, but carry to oppressed peoples whose interests and welfare by the fortunes of war are committed to us.

We may regard the situation before us as a burden or as an opportunity, but whether the one or the other, it is here, and conscience and civilization require that what these great men of the past secured for us they would have us transmit not only to our descendants, but carry to oppressed peoples whose interests and welfare by the fortunes of war are committed to us.

We may regard the situation before us as a burden or as an opportunity, but whether the one or the other, it is here, and conscience and civilization require that what these great men of the past secured for us they would have us transmit not only to our descendants, but carry to oppressed peoples whose interests and welfare by the fortunes of war are committed to us.

We may regard the situation before us as a burden or as an opportunity, but whether the one or the other, it is here, and conscience and civilization require that what these great men of the past secured for us they would have us transmit not only to our descendants, but carry to oppressed peoples whose interests and welfare by the fortunes of war are committed to us.

We may regard the situation before us as a burden or as an opportunity, but whether the one or the other, it is here, and conscience and civilization require that what these great men of the past secured for us they would have us transmit not only to our descendants, but carry to oppressed peoples whose interests and welfare by the fortunes of war are committed to us.

We may regard the situation before us as a burden or as an opportunity, but whether the one or the other, it is here, and conscience and civilization require that what these great men of the past secured for us they would have us transmit not only to our descendants, but carry to oppressed peoples whose interests and welfare by the fortunes of war are committed to us.

We may regard the situation before us as a burden or as an opportunity, but whether the one or the other, it is here, and conscience and civilization require that what these great men of the past secured for us they would have us transmit not only to our descendants, but carry to oppressed peoples whose interests and welfare by the fortunes of war are committed to us.

We may regard the situation before us as a burden or as an opportunity, but whether the one or the other, it is here, and conscience and civilization require that what these great men of the past secured for us they would have us transmit not only to our descendants, but carry to oppressed peoples whose interests and welfare by the fortunes of war are committed to us.

We may regard the situation before us as a burden or as an opportunity, but whether the one or the other, it is here, and conscience and civilization require that what these great men of the past secured for us they would have us transmit not only to our descendants, but carry to oppressed peoples whose interests and welfare by the fortunes of war are committed to us.

We may regard the situation before us as a burden or as an opportunity, but whether the one or the other, it is here, and conscience and civilization require that what these great men of the past secured for us they would have us transmit not only to our descendants, but carry to oppressed peoples whose interests and welfare by the fortunes of war are committed to us.

We may regard the situation before us as a burden or as an opportunity, but whether the one or the other, it is here, and conscience and civilization require that what these great men of the past secured for us they would have us transmit not only to our descendants, but carry to oppressed peoples whose interests and welfare by the fortunes of war are committed to us.

We may regard the situation before us as a burden or as an opportunity, but whether the one or the other, it is here, and conscience and civilization require that what these great men of the past secured for us they would have us transmit not only to our descendants, but carry to oppressed peoples whose interests and welfare by the fortunes of war are committed to us.

We may regard the situation before us as a burden or as an opportunity, but whether the one or the other, it is here, and conscience and civilization require that what these great men of the past secured for us they would have us transmit not only to our descendants, but carry to oppressed peoples whose interests and welfare by the fortunes of war are committed to us.

We may regard the situation before us as a burden or as an opportunity, but whether the one or the other, it is here, and conscience and civilization require that what these great men of the past secured for us they would have us transmit not only to our descendants, but carry to oppressed peoples whose interests and welfare by the fortunes of war are committed to us.

We may regard the situation before us as a burden or as an opportunity, but whether the one or the other, it is here, and conscience and civilization require that what these great men of the past secured for us they would have us transmit not only to our descendants, but carry to oppressed peoples whose interests and welfare by the fortunes of war are committed to us.

We may regard the situation before us as a burden or as an opportunity, but whether the one or the other, it is here, and conscience and civilization require that what these great men of the past secured for us they would have us transmit not only to our descendants, but carry to oppressed peoples whose interests and welfare by the fortunes of war are committed to us.

We may regard the situation before us as a burden or as an opportunity, but whether the one or the other, it is here, and conscience and civilization require that what these great men of the past secured for us they would have us transmit not only to our descendants, but carry to oppressed peoples whose interests and welfare by the fortunes of war are committed to us.

We may regard the situation before us as a burden or as an opportunity, but whether the one or the other, it is here, and conscience and civilization require that what these great men of the past secured for us they would have us transmit not only to our descendants, but carry to oppressed peoples whose interests and welfare by the fortunes of war are committed to us.

We may regard the situation before us as a burden or as an opportunity, but whether the one or the other, it is here, and conscience and civilization require that what these great men of the past secured for us they would have us transmit not only to our descendants, but carry to oppressed peoples whose interests and welfare by the fortunes of war are committed to us.

We may regard the situation before us as a burden or as an opportunity, but whether the one or the other, it is here, and conscience and civilization require that what these great men of the past secured for us they would have us transmit not only to our descendants, but carry to oppressed peoples whose interests and welfare by the fortunes of war are committed to us.

We may regard the situation before us as a burden or as an opportunity, but whether the one or the other, it is here, and conscience and civilization require that what these great men of the past secured for us they would have us transmit not only to our descendants, but carry to oppressed peoples whose interests and welfare by the fortunes of war are committed to us.

We may regard the situation before us as a burden or as an opportunity, but whether the one or the other, it is here, and conscience and civilization require that what these great men of the past secured for us they would have us transmit not only to our descendants, but carry to oppressed peoples whose interests and welfare by the fortunes of war are committed to us.

We may regard the situation before us as a burden or as an opportunity, but whether the one or the other, it is here, and conscience and civilization require that what these great men of the past secured for us they would have us transmit not only to our descendants, but carry to oppressed peoples whose interests and welfare by the fortunes of war are committed to us.

We may regard the situation before us as a burden or as an opportunity, but whether the one or the other, it is here, and conscience and civilization require that what these great men of the past secured for us they would have us transmit not only to our descendants, but carry to oppressed peoples whose interests and welfare by the fortunes of war are committed to us.

We may regard the situation before us as a burden or as an opportunity, but whether the one or the other, it is here, and conscience and civilization require that what these great men of the past secured for us they would have us transmit not only to our descendants, but carry to oppressed peoples whose interests and welfare by the fortunes of war are committed to us.

We may regard the situation before us as a burden or as an opportunity, but whether the one or the other, it is here, and conscience and civilization require that what these great men of the past secured for us they would have us transmit not only to our descendants, but carry to oppressed peoples whose interests and welfare by the fortunes of war are committed to us.

We may regard the situation before us as a burden or as an opportunity, but whether the one or the other, it is here, and conscience and civilization require that what these great men of the past secured for us they would have us transmit not only to our descendants, but carry to oppressed peoples whose interests and welfare by the fortunes of war are committed to us.

We may regard the situation before us as a burden or as an opportunity, but whether the one or the other, it is here, and conscience and civilization require that what these great men of the past secured for us they would have us transmit not only to our descendants, but carry to oppressed peoples whose interests and welfare by the fortunes of war are committed to us.

We may regard the situation before us as a burden or as an opportunity, but whether the one or the other, it is here, and conscience and civilization require that what these great men of the past secured for us they would have us transmit not only to our descendants, but carry to oppressed peoples whose interests and welfare by the fortunes of war are committed to us.

We may regard the situation before us as a burden or as an opportunity, but whether the one or the other

# ANOTHER MURDER

The Terrible Tragedy Occurs  
In Gardner, Mass.

BRADFORD KNIGHTS SHOOTS  
AND KILLS MAMIE SMALL.

Unrequited Love The Cause Which  
Led To The Mad Act.

GARDINER, Me., Feb. 17.—Mamie Small, aged twenty-two years, of Richmond, was shot and instantly killed this evening on School street, at about seven o'clock. The murderer was recognized while making his escape as Bradford Knights of Richmond, a brother-in-law of the girl. Those who know the parties say Knights was desperately in love with the girl, but that she had refused his attentions repeatedly. The girl arrived in this city today and secured work at the shoe factory and was to have commenced work to-morrow morning. Knights, who is believed to have been very jealous of her, followed her to this city. The police expect to have him under arrest before morning.

## THE BICYCLE RACE.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 17.—At 8:54 this evening, the end of the ninety-fourth hour of the six-days' bicycle race was reached, the following being the standing of the contestants:

	Miles.	Laps.
Miller	1572	7
Ginn	1533	3
Aaronson	1510	3
Hale	1461	1
Albert	1453	3
Pierce	1423	7
Frederick	1414	4
Nava	1402	4
Pilkington	1364	6
Barnaby	1359	1
Lawson	1293	1
Ashinger	1152	2
Julius	1035	5

The previous record for ninety-four hours was 1462 miles and 72 yards, made by Miller in 1897 at Madison Square garden, New York.

## SENATE EXPRESSES SYMPATHY FOR FRANCE.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 17.—In the senate today a resolution was adopted instructing the vice president of the United States, who is president of the senate, to express to the government and people of France the sympathy of the senate in the bereavement that has fallen on the French republic in the death of President Faure.

## RIVERSIDE MILL BUILDING BURNED AT LACONIA.

LACONIA, Feb. 17.—The old Riverside mill building, occupied by J. H. Mitchell as a blacksmith shop; E. P. Osgood, a carriage manufacturer, and John Howley, a carriage painter, was damaged by fire tonight to the extent of \$2500. The building is owned by the Laconia Car company.

## NAVAL PERSONNEL BILL PASSES THE SENATE.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 17.—The naval personnel bill was passed by the senate this afternoon, after being discussed for several hours, practically in the form in which it was reported by the senate committee.

## PROCEEDS ON HER JOURNEY.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 17.—Consul Sprague at Gibraltar cabled the war department today that the United States troop transport Sherman, with 1800 reinforcements for General Otis at Manila on board, has sailed from that port for Port Said. All on board were well.

## GENERAL LAWTON AT TERIM.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 17.—Adjutant General Corbin received a cable message this afternoon from General Lawton, dated Terim, Feb. 16th, announcing their arrival that evening. They would stop for coal only and would leave before morning. No serious illness on board.

## ON HIS WAY TO WASHINGTON.

NEW YORK, Feb. 18.—The president's train arrived at the Mott Haven station at 12:01 this morning. Arrangements were immediately made to put it on the passenger train Maryland for transfer to the New Jersey shore.

# DO YOU WANT TO BE WELL AND STRONG LIKE ME?

Then Use Dr. Greene's Nervura—It  
Gave Me Health and Strength.

Beauty is the dower and the gift is priceless, beauty lies in having a clear eyes and vivacity of expression who are in good health. How many women there are today losing their priceless possession has become poor, they are run down, they feel weak and nervous, have headache, poor appetite, indigestion, biliousness, constipation, kidney or liver trouble, backache, female weakness, or some other difficulty, which is surely sapping their health and strength and ruining their beauty.

At this season, Spring Debility is woman's worst enemy. A woman's first duty is to regain and maintain her health and beauty. If she gets back her health, beauty will surely follow, for beauty depends entirely on good health. The great health-giver and beautifier for women is Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, for nothing in the world so surely and quickly restores lost health, gives strength and vigor to the nerves, purifies and enriches the blood, and makes women strong and well as Dr. Greene's Nervura. It clears the complexion of that dark, sallow, pale look, removes eruptions, black-heads and humors, makes the skin velvety and glowing with rosy color, the eyes brilliant, the lips red, imparts a full, round contour to face and form.

Above all it banishes melancholy and restores the lively spirits, vivacity, light, elastic step and exuberant life, energy and enjoyment which constitute happiness to women. Dr. Greene's Nervura does all this because it makes weak women strong and sick women well, and thus prevents them from growing old before their time. It makes them look young and feel young, for it braces women up as nothing else in the world can. Try Dr. Greene's Nervura; you will never regret it. Use it now, for you certainly need a spring remedy, and Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is the best of all spring medicines.

In taking Dr. Greene's Nervura you are using the wonderful prescription and discovery of a famous physician, Dr. Greene, of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., who is the most successful physician in curing all forms of nervous and chronic diseases, and who can be consulted without charge, in regard to any case, personally or by letter.

## THE STERLING ARRIVES AT BOSTON.

BOSTON, Feb. 17.—The United States steam collier Sterling, Capt. Selfridge, arrived today from Norfolk, via Delta wave breaker.

## ALL NEXT WEEK AT MUSIC HALL

Frankie Carpenter, will begin a week's engagement at Music hall, commencing Monday evening next, presenting her delightful repertoire of drama and comedy. Her supporting company includes Jere Grady, the singing and dancing comedian, Dan Burke, J. W. Dean, Wilbur Christy, W. I. Clarke, Charles Landie, Bert Kimball, Joseph Lynch, Master Frank Condon, Miss Florence Macke, Marion Francis, Adelaide Ney and other well-known artists. A grand concert orchestra, under the direction of Professor Lurve.

A Vitascope, showing the latest pictures of scenes during the war, an illustrated song sheet, and a number of mirth provoking specialties. The opening bill will be an American Princess, a charming western Idyl, full of startling situations and abounding with that kind of comedy which never fails to please even the most fastidious. Miss Carpenter is spoken very highly of by the press of the cities in which she has appeared, and the demand for seats has been very large, denoting a big attendance during her engagement.

## GLORIOUS NEWS

Comes from Dr. D. B. Cargile, of Washita, I. T. He writes: "Four bottles of Electric Bitters has cured Mrs. Brewer of scrofula, which had caused her great suffering for years. Terrible sores would break out on her head and face and the best doctors could give no help but her cure is complete and her health is excellent." This shows what thousands have proved, that Electric Bitters is the best blood purifier known. It's the supreme remedy for eczema, tetter, salt rheum, ulcers, boils and running sores. It stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels, expels poisons, helps digestion, Globe Grocery Co., Druggist, Guaranteed.

## PROBATE COURT.

The following is a part of the business transacted at the last session of the probate court for Rockingham county, for the week ending Feb. 15th:

Release Filed.—In estate of Washington Freeman, Portsmouth.

Probate courts will be held next Tuesday in Derry, and, Washington's birthday falling on next Wednesday, next Thursday in Exeter.

## ECLECTIC BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Eclectic Benevolent society, for the choice of officers and transaction of such other business as may legally come before it, will be held on Wednesday, the 22nd day of February, 1898, at four o'clock, p. m., at the house of Mrs. Emil Richter on State street. ANNIE M. COOMBE, Secretary.

# RESCUED SAILORS.

Arrive In Boston On British  
Steamer Mourne.

THEY WERE THE CREW OF  
THE CARL W. BAXTER.

Three Were Badly Injured And Sent  
To The Hospital.

By Associated Press.

BOSTON, Feb. 17.—The British steamer Mourne, Captain Birchman, from Shields, England, Jan. 26th arrived here today, bringing Captain William E. Allen and thirteen seamen of the crew of the Gloucester fishing schooner Carl W. Baxter, which was abandoned at sea on Feb. 15th in a sinking condition. The crew of both vessels report terrible weather. Three of the Baxter's crew were badly injured during the battle with the waves and the men were taken to the hospital upon their arrival here. The other members of the crew leave for Gloucester tomorrow morning.

When you are nervous and sleepless take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It makes the nerves strong and gives refreshing sleep.

## PREPARE FOR SPRING.

Don't let this season overtake you before you have attended to the important duty of purifying your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. By taking this medicine now you may save sickness that will mean time and money as well as suffering later on. Hood's Sarsaparilla will give you rich, red blood, good appetite, good digestion and a sound, healthy body. It is the greatest and best spring medicine because it is the One True Blood Purifier. Its unequalled record of marvelous cures has won for it the confidence of the whole people.

Among the vessels to be hauled up are the following: The cruisers Dixie and Yankee, formerly Morgan liners, are to be placed out of commission. The cruiser Cincinnati, now at the Brooklyn navy yard, needs overhauling after her lively experience in Cuban waters, and will be placed out of commission while repairs are being made. The others to be retired are the collier Sterling, which had a thrilling experience in the storm off Cape Henlopen, Del., the other day; the monitors Terror and Puritan, and the protected cruisers Columbia and Minneapolis, popularly known as commerce destroyers.

## AT THE NAVY YARD.

Unless a change in orders takes place the "Alliance" will sail today.

Civil Engineer Sheppard was absent from his duties on Friday on account of sickness.

An order for extra work in the steam engineering department is expected almost daily.

Rev. George W. Gile, pastor of the Middle Street Baptist church, was a visitor on the yard on Friday.

Orders have been received to pay all the workmen, who worked overtime during the war, fifty per cent. additional to what has already been paid them.

The U. S. S. Alliance was thronged with visitors on Friday and the men took this last chance in showing their friends around and bidding them fare well.

## Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder disease relieved in six hours by "New Great South American Kidney Cure." It is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in bladder, kidneys and back, in male or female. Relieves retention of water almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is the remedy. Sold by George Hill Druggist, Portsmouth, N. H.

## POLICE NEWS.

Last night was a record breaker, only one lodger being booked at the station No police court this morning, and no alarm slate.

There has been an unusually small number of hobos apply for shelter at the station this winter.

## Rheumatism Cured in a Day.

"Mystic Cure" for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. Sold by Geo. Hill Druggist, Portsmouth.

# COAL AND WOOD.

O. E. WALKER & CO.,

Commission Merchant

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Coal and Wood

306 State and Water Sts.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

# Heroes of the War with Spain

thousands of them, are suffering from lingering diseases induced by life in poisonous southern camps, the result of changes of climate, or of imperfect nutrition caused by improper and badly cooked food. Sleeping on the ground has doubtless developed rheumatism in hundreds who were predisposed to the disease. In such cases the Boys of '98 may take a lesson from the experience of the



# Heroes of the Civil War.

Hundreds of the Boys of '63 have testified to the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in driving out malaria, rheumatism and other diseases contracted during their days of hardship and privation in the army. These pills are the best tonic in the world.

As Robinson, of Mt. Sterling, Ill., a veteran of the Civil war, having served in the 5th Pennsylvania Volunteers. He went to the war a vigorous farmer's boy and came back broken in health, a victim of sciatic rheumatism. Most of the time he was unfit for manual labor of any kind, and his sufferings were at all times intense. He says: "Nothing seemed to help me, not even rheumatism medicine, until three or four years ago when I was told of the wonderful effects of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I had not taken more than half a box when I noticed an improvement in my condition, and I keep on improving steadily. To them I owe my restoration to health. They are a grand remedy."—Mr. Sterling, Democratic-News.

At all druggists, or sent postpaid, on receipt of price, 50cts per box, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Box V, Schenectady, N. Y.

## Professional Cards.

### W. O. JUNKINS, M. D.

Residence, 98 State St.

Office, 26 Congress St.

Portsmouth, N. H.

OFFICE HOURS: 1 A. M. to 3 P. M.

7:30 to 10:30 P. M.

W. D. HINMAN, D. D. S.

DENTAL ROOMS, 16 MARKET SQUARE

Portsmouth, N. H.

### F. S. TOWLE, M. D.

18 State Street, Portsmouth, N. H.

OFFICE HOURS:

11 A. M. to 1 P. M. and 7 to 8 P. M.

## SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF COD-LIVER OIL WITH  
HYPOPHOSPHITES

should always be kept in  
the house for the following reasons:

**FIRST**—Because, if any member of the family has a hard cold, it will cure it.

**SECOND**—Because, if the children are delicate and sickly, it will make them strong and well.

**THIRD**—Because, if the father or mother is losing flesh and becoming thin and emaciated, it will build them up and give them flesh and strength.

**FOURTH**—Because it is the standard remedy in all throat and lung affections.

No household should be without it. It can be taken in summer as well as in winter.

Orders to be taken in summer as well as in winter.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

## Victor Bottled Ale

is second to none in existence and they are ready to stand behind the assertion, further proof of quality is not necessary.

Are you satisfied that 40 years of successful business means anything? If so send your next order to

Frank Jones Brewing Co., Portsmouth, N. H., or Newfields Bottling Co., Newfields, N. H.,

and make assurance doubly sure. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Put up in 1-2 pints, pints and quarts.

P. S.—Remember the brand "VICTOR"

It Makes A Difference

Whether a room is papered with some severe, ugly pattern, or a design picked from the hundreds in our store.

A paper can be selected here, at any price, that will beautify

## MYSTERY OF CLOOMBER

CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

peeped out at times between their heavy fringes, bathing the whole courtly scene in its cold, white radiance. From where I stood in the doorway I could see the edge of the Cloomberry wood, though the house itself was only visible from the rising ground some little distance off. At my sister's suggestion we walked together, she with her shawl over her head, as far as the summit of this elevation, and looked out in the direction of the Hall. There was no illumination of the windows to-night. From roof to basement not a light twinkled in any part of the great building. Its huge mass loomed up dark and sullen amid the trees which surrounded it, looking more like some giant aspergillus than a human habitation. To our overwrought nerve, there was something of terror in it, mere bulk and its silence. We stood for some little time peering at it through the darkness, and then we made our way back to the parlor again where we sat waiting—waiting, we knew not for what, and yet with the absolute conviction that some terrible experience was in store for us.

It was twelve o'clock or close on it when my sister suddenly sprang to her feet and held up her finger to be speak attention. "Do you hear nothing?" she asked.

I strained my ears, but without success.

"Come to the door," she cried, with a trembling voice. "Now can you hear anything?"

In the deep silence of the night I distinctly heard a dull, murmurings, clattering sound, continuous apparently, but very faint and low. "What is it?" I asked in a subdued voice.

"It's the sound of a man running toward us," she answered; and then, suddenly dropping the last semblance of self-command, she fell upon her knees beside the table and began praying aloud with that frenzied earnestness which intense, overpowering fear can produce, breaking off now and again into a half-hysterical whimpering.

I could distinguish the sound clearly enough now to know that her quick feminine perception had not deceived her, and that it was indeed caused by a running man. On he came, and on down the highroad, his footfalls ringing out clearer and sharper every moment.

An urgent messenger he must be, for he neither paused nor slackened his pace. The quick, crisp rattle was changed suddenly to a dull, muffled murmur. He had reached the point where sand had been recently laid down for a hundred yards or so. In a few moments, however, he was back on hard ground again and his flying feet were nearer and ever nearer. He must, I reflected, be abreast of "the head of the lane now. Would he hold on? or would he turn down to Branksome?" The thought hardly crossed my mind when I heard by the difference of the sound that the runner had turned the corner, and that his goal was beyond all question the laird's house. Rushing down to the gate of the lawn, I reached it just as our visitor dashed it open and flung my arms. I could see in the moonlight that it was none other than Mordaunt Heatherstone.

"My God!" I cried, "what has happened? What is amiss, Mordaunt?"

"My father!" he gasped—"my father!" His hat was gone, his eyes dilated with terror, and his face as bloodless as that of a corpse. I could feel that the hands which clasped my arms were quivering and shaking with emotion.

"You are exhausted," I said, leading him into the parlor. "Give yourself a moment's rest before you speak to us. Be calm, man, you are with your best friends." I laid him on the old horsehair sofa, while Esther, whose fears had all flown to the winds now that something practical was to be done, dashed some brandy into a tumbler and brought it to him. The stimulant had a marvelous effect upon him, for the color began to come back into his pale cheeks and the light of recognition into his eyes. He sat up and took Esther's hand in both of his, like a man who is waking out of some bad dream and wishes to assure himself that he is really in safety.

"Your father?" I asked. "What of him?"

"He is gone."

"Gone!"

"Yes, he is gone; and so is Corporal Rufus Smith. We shall never see eyes upon them again."

"But where are they gone?" I cried. "This is unworthy of you, Mordaunt. What right have we to sit here, allowing our private feelings to overcome us while there is a possibility of succoring your father? Up, man! let us follow him. Tell me only what direction he took."

"It's no use," young Heatherstone answered, burying his face in his hands. "Don't reproach me, West, for you don't know all the circumstances. What can we do to reverse the tremendous and unknown laws which are acting against us? The blow has long been hanging over us, and now it has fallen. God help us!"

"In heaven's name tell me what has happened!" said I excitedly. "We must not yield to despair."

"We can do nothing until daybreak," he answered. "We shall then endeavor to obtain some trace of them. It is hopeless at present."

"And how about Gabriel and Mrs. Heatherstone?" I asked. "Can we not bring them down from the Hall at once? Your poor sister must be distressed with terror."

"She knows nothing of it," Mordaunt answered.

side of the house, and has not seen or heard anything. As to my poor mother, she has expected some such event for so long a time that it has not come upon her as a surprise. She is of course overcome with grief but would I think, prefer to be left to her for the present. Her firmness and composure should be a lesson to me; but I am constitutionally excitable, and this catastrophe coming after our long period of suspense deprived me of my very reason for a time."

"If we can do nothing until morning," I said, "you have time to tell us all that has occurred."

"I shall do so," he answered, rising and holding his shaking hands to the fire.

"You know already that we have had reason for some time—for many years, in fact—to fear that a terrible retribution was hanging over my father's head for a certain action of his early life. In this action he was associated with the man known as Corporal Rufus Smith, so that the fact of the latter finding his way to my father was a warning to us that the time had come, and that this 5th of October—the anniversary of the misdeed—would be the day of its atonement. I told you of our fears in my letter, and if I am not mistaken, my father also had some conversation with you. West, upon the subject. When I saw yesterday morning that he had hunted out the old uniform which he has always retained since he wore it in the Afghan war, I was sure that the end was at hand, and that our forebodings would be realized.

"He appeared to be more composed in the afternoon than I have seen him for years, and spoke freely of his life in India and of the incidents of his youth. About nine o'clock he requested us to go to our rooms, and locked us in there—a precaution which he frequently took when the dark fit was upon him. It was always his endeavor, poor soul, to keep us clear of the curse which had fallen upon his own unfortunate head. Before parting from us he tenderly embraced my mother and Gabriel, and he afterward followed me to my room, where he clasped my hand affectionately and gave into my charge a small packet addressed to myself."

"To me?" I interrupted.

"To you, I shall fulfill my commission whenever I have told you my story. I conjured him to allow me to sit up with him and to share any danger which might arise; but he implored me with irresistible earnestness not to add to his troubles by thwarting his arrangements. Seeing that I was really distressing him by my pertinacity, I at last allowed him to close the door and to turn the key upon the outside. I shall always reproach myself for my want of firmness. But what can you do when your own father refuses your assistance or co-operation? You cannot force yourself upon him."

"I am sure that you did all you could do," my sister said.

"I meant to tell Esther, but, God help me, it was hard to tell what was right. He left me, and I heard his footsteps die away down the long corridor. It was then about ten o'clock or a little after. For a time I paced up and down the room, and then carrying the lamp to the head of my bed, I lay upon it without undressing, reading 'St Thomas a Kempis,' and praying from my heart that the night might pass safely over us. I had at last fallen into a troubled sleep when I was suddenly aroused by a loud, sonorous sound ringing in my ears. I sat up bewildered, but all was silent again. The lamp was burning low, and my watch showed me that it was going on to midnight. I blundered to my feet, and was striking a match with the intention of lighting the candles, when the sharp, vehement cry broke out again so loud and so clear that it might have been in the very room with me. My chamber is in the front of the house, while those of my mother and sister are in the back, so that I am the only one who commands a view of the avenue. Rushing to the window I drew the blind aside and looked out. You know that the gravel drive opens up so as to form a broad stretch immediately in front of the house. Just in the center of the clear space there stood three men looking up at the house. The moon shone full upon them, glistening on their upturned eyeballs, and by its light I could see that they were swarthy-faced and black-haired, of a type that I was familiar with among the Sikhs and Afreedeas. Two of them were thin, with eager, aesthetic countenances, while the third was king-like and majestic, with a noble figure and flowing beard."

"You can do nothing while the darkness lasts," I answered. "We must report the matter to the Wigtown police; but we need not send our message to them until we are actually starting upon the search, so as to comply with the law and yet have a private investigation, as your mother wishes. John Fullarton, over the hill, has a lurcher dog which is as good as a bloodhound. If we set him on the general's trail he will run him down if he had to follow him to John o' Groats."

"It is terrible to wait calmly here while he may need our assistance."

"I fear our assistance could under any circumstances do him little good. There are forces at work here which are beyond human intervention. Besides there is no alternative. We have, apparently, no possible clue as to the direction which they have taken, and for us to wander aimlessly over the moor in the darkness would be to waste the strength which may be more profitably used in the morning. It will be daylight by five o'clock. In an hour or so we can walk over the hill together and get Fullarton's dog."

"Another hour!" Mordaunt groaned, "every minute seems an age."

"I stood in line," he continued, "sweeping their arms upward and downward, while their lips moved as if repeating some prayer or incantation. Suddenly they ceased to gesticulate, and broke out for the third time into the wild, weird, piercing cry which had aroused me from my sleep. Never shall I forget that shrill, dreadful summons, swelling and reverberating through the silent night with an intensity of sound which is still ringing in my ears. As it died slowly away there was a rasping and crackling as of keys and bolts followed by the clang of an opening door and the clatter of hurrying feet. From my window I saw my father and Corporal Rufus Smith rush frantically out of the house, haggard and unkempt, like men who are obeying a sudden and overpowering impulse. The three strangers laid no hands upon them, but the whole five swept swiftly away down the avenue and vanished among the

trees. I am positive that no force was used or constraint of any visible kind, and yet I am as sure that my poor father and his companion were helpless prisoners as if I had seen them dragged away in manacles. All this took little time in the acting. From the first summons which disturbed my sleep to the last shadowy glimpse which I had of them between the tree trunks could hardly have occupied more than five minutes of actual time. So sudden was it, and so strange, that when the drama was over and they were gone I could have believed that it was all some terrible nightmare, some delusion, had I not felt that the impression was too real, too vivid, to be imputed to fancy. I threw my whole weight against my bedroom door in the hope of forcing the lock. It stood firm for a while, but I flung myself up on it again and again, until something snapped and I found myself in the passage. My first thought was for my mother. I rushed to her room and turned the key in her door. The moment I did so she stepped out into the corridor in her dressing-gown, and held up a warning finger.

"No noise," she said. "Gabriel is asleep. They have been called away?"

"God's will be done!" she cried. "Your poor father will be happier in the next world than he has ever been in this. Thank heaven that Gabriel is asleep. I gave her chloral in her coca."

"What am I to do?" I said distractedly. "Where have they gone? How can I help him? We cannot let him go from us like this, or leave them men to do what they will with him. Shall I ride into Wigtown and arouse the police?"

"Anything rather than that," my mother said earnestly. "He has begged me again and again to avoid it. My son, we shall never set eyes upon your father again. You may marvel at my dry eyes; but if you knew as I know the peace which death would bring him, you could not find it in your heart to mourn for him. All pursuit is, I feel, vain; and yet some pursuit there must be. Let it be as private as possible. We cannot serve him better than by consulting his wishes."

"But every minute is precious," I cried. "Even now he may be calling upon us to rescue him from the clutches of these dark-skinned fiends. The thought so maddened me that I rushed out of the house and down to the highroad, but once there I had no indication in which direction to turn. The whole wide moor lay before me, without a sign of movement upon its broad expanse. I listened, but not a sound broke the perfect stillness of the night. It was then, my dear friends, as I stood, not knowing in which direction to turn, that the horror and responsibility broke full upon me. I felt that I was combating against forces of which I knew nothing. All was strange and dark and terrible. The thought of you, and of the help which I might look for from you, relief and assistance, was a beacon of hope to me. At Branksome, at least, I should receive sympathy, and above all, directions as to what I should do, for my mind is in such a whirl that I cannot trust my own judgment. My mother was content to be alone, my sister asleep, and no prospects of being able to do anything until daybreak. Under those circumstances what more natural than that I should fly to you as fast as my feet would carry me? You have a clear head, Jack; speak out, man, and tell me what I should do. Esther, what should I do?" He turned from one to the other of us with outstretched hands and eager, questioning eyes.

"You can do nothing while the darkness lasts," I answered. "We must report the matter to the Wigtown police; but we need not send our message to them until we are actually starting upon the search, so as to comply with the law and yet have a private investigation, as your mother wishes. John Fullarton, over the hill, has a lurcher dog which is as good as a bloodhound. If we set him on the general's trail he will run him down if he had to follow him to John o' Groats."

"It is terrible to wait calmly here while he may need our assistance."

"I fear our assistance could under any circumstances do him little good. There are forces at work here which are beyond human intervention. Besides there is no alternative. We have, apparently, no possible clue as to the direction which they have taken, and for us to wander aimlessly over the moor in the darkness would be to waste the strength which may be more profitably used in the morning. It will be daylight by five o'clock. In an hour or so we can walk over the hill together and get Fullarton's dog."

"Another hour!" Mordaunt groaned, "every minute seems an age."

"I stood in line," he continued, "sweeping their arms upward and downward, while their lips moved as if repeating some prayer or incantation. Suddenly they ceased to gesticulate, and broke out for the third time into the wild, weird, piercing cry which had aroused me from my sleep. Never shall I forget that shrill, dreadful summons, swelling and reverberating through the silent night with an intensity of sound which is still ringing in my ears. As it died slowly away there was a rasping and crackling as of keys and bolts followed by the clang of an opening door and the clatter of hurrying feet. From my window I saw my father and Corporal Rufus Smith rush frantically out of the house, haggard and unkempt, like men who are obeying a sudden and overpowering impulse. The three strangers laid no hands upon them, but the whole five swept swiftly away down the avenue and vanished among the

trees. I am positive that no force was used or constraint of any visible kind, and yet I am as sure that my poor father and his companion were helpless prisoners as if I had seen them dragged away in manacles. All this took little time in the acting. From the first summons which disturbed my sleep to the last shadowy glimpse which I had of them between the tree trunks could hardly have occupied more than five minutes of actual time. So sudden was it, and so strange, that when the drama was over and they were gone I could have believed that it was all some terrible nightmare, some delusion, had I not felt that the impression was too real, too vivid, to be imputed to fancy. I threw my whole weight against my bedroom door in the hope of forcing the lock. It stood firm for a while, but I flung myself up on it again and again, until something snapped and I found myself in the passage. My first thought was for my mother. I rushed to her room and turned the key in her door. The moment I did so she stepped out into the corridor in her dressing-gown, and held up a warning finger.

"No noise," she said. "Gabriel is asleep. They have been called away?"

"God's will be done!" she cried. "Your poor father will be happier in the next world than he has ever been in this. Thank heaven that Gabriel is asleep. I gave her chloral in her coca."

"What am I to do?" I said distractedly. "Where have they gone? How can I help him? We cannot let him go from us like this, or leave them men to do what they will with him. Shall I ride into Wigtown and arouse the police?"

"Anything rather than that," my mother said earnestly. "He has begged me again and again to avoid it. My son, we shall never set eyes upon your father again. You may marvel at my dry eyes; but if you knew as I know the peace which death would bring him, you could not find it in your heart to mourn for him. All pursuit is, I feel, vain; and yet some pursuit there must be. Let it be as private as possible. We cannot serve him better than by consulting his wishes."

"But every minute is precious," I cried. "Even now he may be calling upon us to rescue him from the clutches of these dark-skinned fiends. The thought so maddened me that I rushed out of the house and down to the highroad, but once there I had no indication in which direction to turn. The whole wide moor lay before me, without a sign of movement upon its broad expanse. I listened, but not a sound broke the perfect stillness of the night. It was then, my dear friends, as I stood, not knowing in which direction to turn, that the horror and responsibility broke full upon me. I felt that I was combating against forces of which I knew nothing. All was strange and dark and terrible. The thought of you, and of the help which I might look for from you, relief and assistance, was a beacon of hope to me. At Branksome, at least, I should receive sympathy, and above all, directions as to what I should do, for my mind is in such a whirl that I cannot trust my own judgment. My mother was content to be alone, my sister asleep, and no prospects of being able to do anything until daybreak. Under those circumstances what more natural than that I should fly to you as fast as my feet would carry me? You have a clear head, Jack; speak out, man, and tell me what I should do. Esther, what should I do?" He turned from one to the other of us with outstretched hands and eager, questioning eyes.

"You can do nothing while the darkness lasts," I answered. "We must report the matter to the Wigtown police; but we need not send our message to them until we are actually starting upon the search, so as to comply with the law and yet have a private investigation, as your mother wishes. John Fullarton, over the hill, has a lurcher dog which is as good as a bloodhound. If we set him on the general's trail he will run him down if he had to follow him to John o' Groats."

"It is terrible to wait calmly here while he may need our assistance."

"I fear our assistance could under any circumstances do him little good. There are forces at work here which are beyond human intervention. Besides there is no alternative. We have, apparently, no possible clue as to the direction which they have taken, and for us to wander aimlessly over the moor in the darkness would be to waste the strength which may be more profitably used in the morning. It will be daylight by five o'clock. In an hour or so we can walk over the hill together and get Fullarton's dog."

"Another hour!" Mordaunt groaned, "every minute seems an age."

"I stood in line," he continued, "sweeping their arms upward and downward, while their lips moved as if repeating some prayer or incantation. Suddenly they ceased to gesticulate, and broke out for the third time into the wild, weird, piercing cry which had aroused me from my sleep. Never shall I forget that shrill, dreadful summons, swelling and reverberating through the silent night with an intensity of sound which is still ringing in my ears. As it died slowly away there was a rasping and crackling as of keys and bolts followed by the clang of an opening door and the clatter of hurrying feet. From my window I saw my father and Corporal Rufus Smith rush frantically out of the house, haggard and unkempt, like men who are obeying a sudden and overpowering impulse. The three strangers laid no hands upon them, but the whole five swept swiftly away down the avenue and vanished among the

trees. I am positive that no force was used or constraint of any visible kind, and yet I am as sure that my poor father and his companion were helpless prisoners as if I had seen them dragged away in manacles. All this took little time in the acting. From the first summons which disturbed my sleep to the last shadowy glimpse which I had of them between the tree trunks could hardly have occupied more than five minutes of actual time. So sudden was it, and so strange, that when the drama was over and they were gone I could have believed that it was all some terrible nightmare, some delusion, had I not felt that the impression was too real, too vivid, to be imputed to fancy. I threw my whole weight against my bedroom door in the hope of forcing the lock. It stood firm for a while, but I flung myself up on it again and again, until something snapped and I found myself in the passage. My first thought was for my mother. I rushed to her room and turned the key in her door. The moment I did so she stepped out into the corridor in her dressing-gown, and held up a warning finger.

"No noise," she said. "Gabriel is asleep. They have been called away?"

"God's will be done!" she cried. "Your poor father will be happier in the next world than he has ever been in this. Thank heaven that Gabriel is asleep. I gave her chloral in her coca."

"What am I to do?" I said distractedly. "Where have they gone? How can I help him? We cannot let him go from us like this, or leave them men to do what they will with him. Shall I ride into Wigtown and arouse the police?"

"Anything rather than that," my mother said earnestly. "He has begged me again and again to avoid it. My son, we shall never set eyes upon your father again. You may marvel at my dry eyes; but if you knew as I know the peace which death would bring him, you could not find it in your heart to mourn for him. All pursuit is, I feel, vain; and yet some pursuit there must be. Let it be as private as possible. We cannot serve him better than by consulting his wishes."

"But every minute is precious," I cried. "Even now he may be calling upon us to rescue him from the clutches of these dark-skinned fiends. The thought so maddened me that I rushed out of the house and down to the highroad, but once there I had no indication in which direction to turn. The whole wide moor lay before me, without a sign of movement upon its broad expanse. I listened, but not a sound broke the perfect stillness of the night. It was then, my dear friends, as I stood, not knowing in which direction to turn, that the horror and responsibility broke full upon me. I felt that I was combating against forces of which I knew nothing. All was strange and dark and terrible. The thought of you, and of the help which I might look for from you, relief and assistance, was a beacon of hope to me

